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# Happy Days

VOLUME III.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

[No. 20.]

"I WAS GOING TO."

CHILDREN are you fond of saying "I was going to." The boy lets the rats catch his chickens. He was going to fill the hole with glass, and to set traps for the rats, but he did not do it in time, and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that." The owner was going to (fix that weak point, and so excuses himself. A boy wets his feet and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was going to do it, but did not. A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was



HUNTING BUTTERFLIES.

and she was going to mend it, but forgot it. And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with every man and woman, boy or girl. "Procrastination is" not only

"the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mister "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a loafer and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs,

has teeth, I'd never sell rum."

The best way to procure the most enjoyment from any pleasure, is to have others share it with you.

The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it and life will not be successful. Put Mister "I was going to" out of your house and keep him out. Always do the things which you were going to do, provided they are right.

## HE WOULDN'T SELL RUM.

THERE had been a temperance meeting, and all the boys attended. That evening Carl sat in brown study. He pressed his lips tight together and knitted his forehead into frightful wrinkles, and glared straight into the fire without saying a word for a long time.

"What is it?" said Aunt Abby, smiling at the boy's earnest face. "No, Abby," said Carl, slowly and with much emphasis, "if I was as poor as a knitting needle, and hadn't any more money than a hen

## KITTY'S PRAYERS.

SWEET little darling runs into my room,  
Red lips parted and cheeks aglow,  
Fresh and rare as the apple-bloom,  
Brighter far than the roses blow.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries,  
As she smooths from her brow the  
tangled hairs,  
While wonder speaks through her violet  
eyes—  
"My little kitty is saying prayers!"

"Come and look thro' the nursery door!  
We won't frighten her where she lies,  
In the streak of sunlight on the floor,  
Folding her white paws over her eyes,

"I wonder,"—treading with light foot-fall,  
And daintily lifting the frock she wears,  
As she to s before me across the hall,—  
"I wonder if God hears kitty's prayers?"

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

## THE PRAYING BOY.

A BOY who had been brought to the Lord Jesus at a mission Sunday-school was anxious that his father should know the Saviour too. His father was a wicked man who kept a drinking saloon, and thus not only got drunk himself but caused others to do so. The lad asked his Sunday-school teacher what he should do, for his father made him wait on the customers, handing out the poison to them; and if he had not better leave home. His teacher told him not to leave home, but to begin at once to pray for his father, and she would also pray for him, and for his father too; and they both commenced to pray for that father.

In a few weeks the father left off drinking, and soon after left off selling, and went to earn an honest living.

"For," said he, with tears running down his face, "something has been the matter with my dear boy for some time, and the other day I heard a noise in the room where he sleeps—it was a mournful noise—and I listened; and he was praying for me! He prayed that I would leave off selling—for I had given up drinking some little time before. I felt I was doing wrong, and I have quit it all; and the next time you have a meeting I am coming with the boy."

## WAS BEN A HERO?

"BEN, can't you amuse Tommy for a little while? I do wish to get this baking done; and he is such a little fellow that he don't know any better than to run around in my way. Now if he only had a rocking-horse he would be contented to ride half his time," and the weary mother sighed as she thought of the money necessary to purchase such a plaything, well knowing that all their scanty means were needed to furnish clothing and food for the children.

"Come into my room," said their grandfather, as the children went toward the hall.

Little Tommy was delighted at the prospects of a play in "Ga'pa's 'oom," as he called it, and ran along by his side prattling about being "Ga'pa's 'ittle man."

"But 'Little men' don't wear girls' dresses," said grandpapa, looking sily at Tommy.

He scanned his frock for a moment and then said, "Me have new pants and toot with pottits in some day, then Tommy'll be big man."

As there was no controverting this fact, grandpapa laughed, and picked up his paper, and left them to amuse themselves.

They played "stage coach" for awhile, Ben being the horse, an inverted footstool the coach, while, with flourishing whip and many a toot, toot, of the tin horn, Tommy played the part of driver.

Then Ben transformed himself into a pony, and cantered all around the room with Tommy on his back, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Tommy 'ide a gay 'orse  
To Ban'by C'oss!"

After grandpapa finished reading his paper, he called the children to him and told them the story of Samuel, found in the big Bible that lies upon the stand.

Just as the story was finished, their mother called them to tea, and the words of praise which Ben received, more than repaid him for the sacrifice he had made.

"What sacrifice?" I hear some little boy ask.

We'll tell you: His uncle had sent him

a big rubber ball from the city, and, as was Saturday, he know all the boys were playing ball on the common, but to please his mother, he had remained at home to amuse his baby brother. Was not Ben a hero?

A hero is one who distinguishes himself by some brave or daring deed for the good of others; in the true sense of the word, one who gives up his own pleasure for the pleasure of others. I am sure you will say that Ben did this.

In this he was like the blessed Jesus, whom it is said, "He pleased not himself." Will not all of you, as you may have opportunity, distinguish yourselves, as Ben did, by words of kindness and deeds of love?

## A HAPPY CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl, eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor grass nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father and mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway the day I speak of. No one she knew was with her; yet though totally blind, she was quite happy and contented.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car? I am quite blind and can see nothing." An- she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust God, as people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the bishop, "why are you so happy?"

"I love Jesus and he loves me; I sought Jesus and I found him," was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the bishop read to her, as the train dashed along. Rev. xxxi, xxii.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Up at the window are three little heads,  
Louie's and Mamma's and two-year old Fred's,  
What are they doing there all in a row,  
Bobbing up, bobbing down, every way so?

Watching for papa to come home to tea;  
Dear is their papa to all of the three;  
Which pair of little eyes, sparkling and bright,  
Think you will be first to see him to-night?

Hark! who is that now whose footsteps they hear,  
Far out are heads stretched to see him draw near,  
Somebody's papa, perhaps, but not theirs—  
Up to the three eager faces he stares.

Back from the window bobs each little head:  
"Papa, make haste now," says dear baby Fred;  
Now they all see him just coming in sight;  
To the gate race the elder ones, wild with delight;  
Happy at last, not a moment to wait,  
Waving their hats and hands at a great rate.  
Joyfully papa the eager pair meets,  
Each rosy mouth with glad kisses he greets.

He finds on the walk and takes up little Fred,  
Louie and Mamma go dancing ahead;  
Into the house now all four of them come,  
Mamma stands smiling her bright welcome home.

Pulling and tugging they make him sit down,  
One brings his slippers, another his gown;  
Round him they hover and chatter with glee,  
While auntie is busy preparing the tea.

Little they know how their sweet loving ways  
Comfort him after the wearisome days;  
Arms full and laps full of dear little pets,  
All of his worries and cares he forgets.

THE GUIDING HAND.

A MERCHANT tells this story. "The patter of little feet on my office-floor and a glad voice exclaiming;—  
"Papa, I've come to scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour to 'take me home,' as she said. Soon we were going, hand in hand, on the homeward way.

"Now, papa, let's play I was a poor blind girl, and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you must lead me along and tell me where to step and how to go."

"So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. Now step up, now step down, here we go round the corner, and soon, till we were safely arrived at home, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, 'Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once.'"  
"But," said mamma, didn't you feel afraid you would fall, dear?"

"With a look of trusting love came the answer: 'Oh, no, mamma! I had tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places.'"

"Oh, that we might, with just this loving trust, clasp the hand of the Heavenly Father whom we cannot see, and go down the steep paths, round the sharp corners, and over all the rough places of this troublesome changeful life, never letting go, and never opening our eyes to wonder or doubt as to his way, knowing that it will at last bring us, when the weary walk is done, to rest in His loving arms for evermore."

"He leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me."

LITTLE DINA.

SOME people think a child is too young to be a Christian, too young to understand about Jesus and heaven. But this is a mistake. Children when very young can learn to love and obey Jesus.

Little Dina lived in England. She was only two years and five months old when she was taken very ill; and the constant cry of the little sick one was, "Mamma, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

"But, dear child, you are at home," said mother; "see, here am I, and your papa and brothers and sisters."

But this did not satisfy baby; she kept on crying, "I want to go home."

At last her mamma thought what little Dina might mean, and she said, "Do you want to go home to Jesus, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, yes, Jesus, home; I'm all ready."

Then she said, "Mamma, please sing. Sing, 'I'm a little pilgrim.'" This was the hymn her little brothers and sisters had learned at Sunday-school, and baby had liked it very much.

Mamma sang it, and when she stopped, little Dina said, "Please sing it again."

The last night she was alive, her brothers and sisters stood around her as she lay on mother's lap, and softly sang her favourite hymn. The little one listened quietly, and smiled, and a little while after she went home to be with Jesus.

Who will say that little Dina, though not three years old, was not a Christian? Even the babes may learn to love Jesus, and may understand that this is not our home, but that our true home is in heaven. And if such a babe could be a Christian, why not you?

LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

Little feet may find the pathway  
Leading upward unto God;  
Little hands may learn to scatter  
Seeds of precious truth abroad.

Youthful hearts may be the temple  
For the Spirit's dwelling-place;  
Childhood's lips declare the riches  
Of God's all-abounding grace.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself, too."

"Book, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One little girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds; and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice, and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

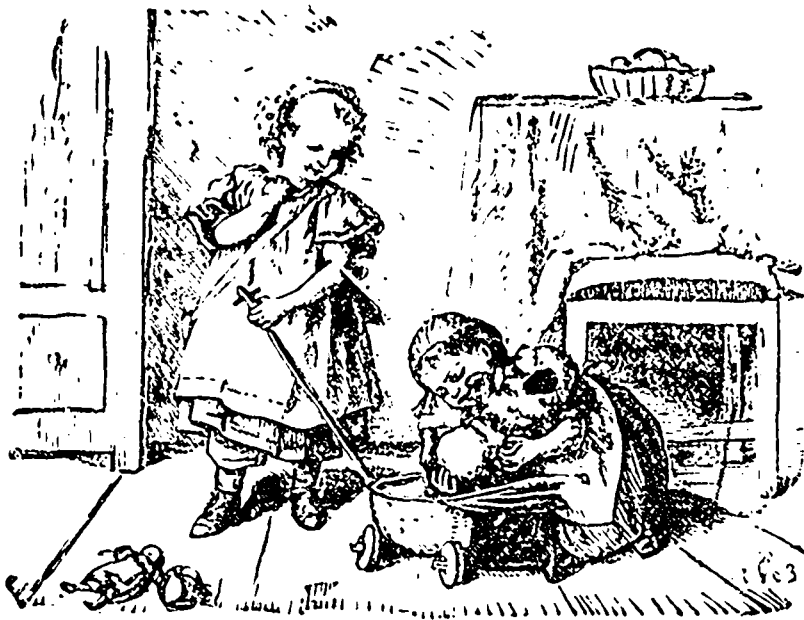
OUR THOUGHTS.

"MOTHER," asked a child, "since nothing is ever lost, where do all our thoughts go?"

"To God," answered the mother gravely, "who remembers them forever."

"For ever," repeated the child, "I am frightened!"

Who would not be? Must all the silly thoughts, the unkind thoughts, the proud thoughts, the discontented thoughts, the unholy thoughts, all go into God's everlasting keeping? Let us pray, "Let the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer." And led us seek to fill our hearts with thoughts of good things, with pure and holy thoughts, with loving and kind thoughts.



GOING OUT RIDING.

## BE POLITE.

HEARTS like doors will open with ease)  
To two very little keys,  
Put don't forget the two are these,  
"I thank you sir," and "if you please."  
Be polite boys, don't forget it  
In your wanderings day by day,  
When you work and when you study,  
In your home and at your play.

Be polite boys, to each other—  
Do not quickly take offence,  
Curb your temper—you'll be thankful  
For this habit seasons hence;  
Be respectful to the aged,  
And this one thing bear in mind;  
Never taunt the wretched outcast,  
Be he helpless, lame or blind.

Be polite, boys, to your parents,  
Never let them fail to hear  
From their sons the best of language  
In the home you should hold dear,  
To your brothers and your sisters  
Speak in accents kind and true—  
Be polite, 'twill serve you better  
Than a princely gift can do.

## A WISE CONCLUSION.

ONE summer evening, after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunderstorm came up. Their cribs stood side by side, and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could

not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well, I dess I will, too." And they both went to sleep without more words.

## WHERE GRACIE FOUND HELP.

GRACIE is a bright, intelligent child, now nearly six years old, the only child of her parents and a great pet with all her friends.

Gracie has heard something about the strikes among workmen which have been so frequent of late.

Gracie's papa is connected with a large business house where there has been much trouble with strikers, and sometimes when the dear papa has been late of an evening in coming home the child has been made to understand that it was in consequence of such difficulties.

The dear little girl is affectionate and thoughtful, and it has grieved her tender heart to go to bed at night without seeing her papa, and yet she kept her grief to herself, only wondering over the matter. At length a thought came that brought comfort, and in this way mamma discovered the fact. One evening she put the darling to bed and turned to leave the room, but looking back she was surprised to see Gracie upon the floor in a kneeling attitude. "Why, Gracie," she said, "what are you doing? You have said your prayers."

Gracie looked up in a sweet childish fashion and answered, "Mamma, I am asking God to make the men be good, so that papa can come home."

This shows that Gracie has learned when to take troubles, although she is so young, and we trust that all dear children may know that the Lord alone has power to help in trouble. He says, "Vain is the help of man." And he loves to hear the children's prayers. Be like little Gracie; take your trials to the Lord.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

## THE ACTED LIE.

ONCE upon a time a little girl, named Julia, was playing all alone in a room, when she thought she would take her mother's vase from the mantel to play with. It slipped from her hands, and broke into many pieces. Julia was frightened. She thought that if she told what she had done her mother would say, "You knew that you were not large enough to handle the vase safely," and perhaps would punish her. Julia was not so much sorry that she had broken the beautiful vase, over the loss of which her mother would grieve, as she was afraid she would be found out. She did not want to tell an out-and-out lie, but she did what was wrong, she stood and looked all around the room to think of some way to deceive her mother. Besides herself, no one was in the room but God, and she forgot him. The parrot was strutting in his cage, and a wicked idea entered Julia's mind. She stepped to the cage and loosened the fastening. Then she slipped quietly out of the room, and ran skipping and singing through the house and the garden, trying to pretend that she was a good and happy little girl.

It was some hours before the mother went into the parlor, Julia following her.

"O, Poll?" said the lady to the bird "how did you get out of your cage? I could not have fastened it properly."

Just then she saw the broken vase and exclaimed,

"Ah—! Poll has broken my beautiful vase! It is too bad—too bad!"

She gathered the pieces, Julia helping, but not confessing a word of what she had done. And the parrot did not say a word either. Some parrots talk, but this one could only sing,

"Pretty Poll, pretty Poll."

Now you see that little Julia did not actually tell a lie. But she acted a lie. This was doing just the same as Ananias, and it was hateful in the sight of God.

Love thy father, little one,  
Kiss, and clasp his neck again,  
For the time, alas! shall come,  
He can answer not again.